

## CHAPTER II.

IN order to understand and fully appreciate the character of the promising boy introduced to the reader in the preceding chapter, it is expedient to follow him from the school in which he began to climb the hill of knowledge to the University of New Jersey, and to dwell briefly upon his career in that place.

This northern institution had long been a favourite with the southern people, and especially those of Virginia, as it still is. Many of the leading Southern States scholars and politicians of the past century and early part of the present were educated at Princeton. Among them was Archibald Alexander, an eminent author and divine; his sons James and Joseph Addison Alexander, scarcely less distinguished; John Macpherson Berrian, U. S. Senator for Georgia; William Gaston and Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina; Robert J. Breckenridge, of Kentucky; Charles Fenton Mercer and John Peyton, of Virginia, and many others. And our father himself was one of the *Alumni*, having been graduated M.A. in 1797, in the same class with Richard Rush, late minister Plenipotentiary from the

United States to England, and author of a well known book entitled "Memoranda of a residence at the Court of London from 1817 to 1825."

For these reasons it was selected rather than the college of "William and Mary" in Virginia, which was in a declining state, probably owing to the unhealthy climate of Williamsburg; but of which institution our paternal grandfather John Rouse\* Peyton, was a graduate. The course of study in the University of New Jersey is comprehensive, embracing Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and the modern languages, mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, ethics, etc. Notwithstanding his youth, my brother's scholastic attainments put him at once in an advanced position in the University, and during his second year he rose to the first distinction as a scholar. His diligence gave perfect satisfaction to his tutors, by whom he was both loved and respected. The noble features of his character, too—his open, affable, manly, and cheerful disposition and his active habits—made him a general favourite, not only with his teachers and fellow students, by whom he was regarded as a model, but by all his acquaintances, whether in the college or out of it. He seemed ever to have engraven upon his mind that sacred rule "do all things to others, according as you wish that they should do unto you." He was absolutely without any of the dissimulating in youth, which is the

\* This name has been spelt in several ways, thus: Rous, Rouse, Rowse, or Rowze (as by Dr. Lodwick Rowze, author of "The Queens Welles" London 1630), and Rowzée.

forerunner of perfidy in old age. His manners were natural and engaging, free from anything like affected politeness, and were marked by much courtesy of demeanour. A friend and contemporary at Princeton, John Randolph Bryan, of Gloucester County, Virginia, once informed the author, as they were sailing up the James River from Norfolk to Richmond in 1848, that he regarded William Peyton while at college as the finest pattern he had ever known of the thorough conservative high-toned gentleman. In a letter addressed to the author, in 1856, by the distinguished writer, N. Parker Willis, he spoke of him, when they were fellow students in Yale, in the same terms of commendation. Mr. W. held him to be a man of genius, whose failure to achieve greatness he would have deemed a marvel, but that he knew the race was not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

His influence in preserving order, or stilling storms, among the Princeton students was of great service to the faculty. On occasions when disorders were apprehended from rough and reckless students, and the combinations they formed among the idle, the dissolute, and refractory, the masters applied to him, and through his exertions many a disturbance was avoided. Such in fact was his success in this way, arising from the power of influence he possessed, that the epoch of his college life was marked as one of the most quiet and respectable which had for many years occurred.

It was soon discovered at Princeton that he had a warm imagination, a feeling heart, and keen passions.

These latter were, however, under such control that they did not betray him into idleness, sensuality, or any of the usual vices of youth. From his earliest years, indeed, he seemed imbued with the necessity of acquiring virtuous habits. So much was he noted for his pure and lofty principles, that he was, while yet in his teens, the subject of remark, some attributing his excellence to the training of his parents, particularly to the influence of his mother, while others believed they were innate; for in whatever he undertook he was guided by the principles of virtue; they formed so essential a part of his character that through life he inspired all with whom he came in contact with perfect confidence, and consequently could not fail to exercise great influence. And it may be said with truth that the world at no period of his life ever narrowed or debased his affections, but his virtuous youth led to an accomplished manhood and tranquil old age.

If the newspapers of Virginia be consulted during the period of his public life, it will be found that those journals, of whatever political complexion, and however heated the contest might be, always spoke of him with the utmost respect, and paid high tribute to his talents, but above all to his lofty personal character. It is a matter of deep regret to the writer that none of these papers are contained in the library of the British Museum, or can now be procured, else many interesting extracts would be adduced to illustrate the esteem in which he was held by the people of his native State. It is not too much to say that in after life his honesty

and straightforwardness, his invincible fortitude, gave a vigour to his mind, a weight to his character, and a nobleness to his sentiments, which exalted him to the highest fame among the gentlemen of Virginia. With those who were near him, his personal popularity was unbounded, yet he never resorted to a dishonest act or stooped to the slightest meanness. There are but few public men of whom this can be truly said! It is proper that I should say on this subject, that, though singularly amiable, he never neared, or much less fell into, that vicious prostitution of mind in which a man has no will, sentiment, or principle of his own. So far from wanting the courage to avow his opinions, however distasteful they might at times be, his openness of character caused him often to display a generous, almost reckless boldness, in their expression.

His physical and moral courage, it should not be forgotten to mention, was, as may be readily imagined, soon proved to be equal to his frankness, and was of the heroic type. In illustration of which it may be related that on his return to Yale in his nineteenth year, when he was over six feet in height and of great bodily strength, he fought with and overcame, after a severe contest, Thomas van Bibber, known as "Big Tom" an intrepid fighting cock and recognized Athletæ.

His health was so much impaired by the end of his second year's residence at Princeton, his physical system so unstrung by close application to books, that he was withdrawn, and he returned to pass some time in the pure, dry atmosphere of Western Virginia. This course

was deemed necessary for his restoration to health, and the result was highly complimentary to the hygienic qualities of the mountain air. A few months spent in the Alleghanies, far from his studies and confinement, and near the trout stream and the hunting ground, enabled him to recover his customary tone and vigour, and at the end of six months he resumed his labours.

On his return to college, our wise father gave him the following abstract of the advice of Celsus, with respect to the preservation of health. "A man," says he, "who is blessed with good health, should confine himself to no particular rules, either with respect to regimen or medicine. He ought frequently to diversify his manner of living; to be sometimes in town, sometimes in the country; to hunt, sail, indulge in rest, but more frequently to use exercise. He ought to refuse no kind of food that is commonly used, but sometimes to eat more and sometimes less; sometimes to make one at an entertainment; sometimes to forbear it; to make rather two meals a day than one, and always to eat heartily, provided he can digest it. He ought neither too eagerly to pursue, nor too scrupulously to avoid, intercourse with the fair sex; pleasures of this kind, rarely indulged, render the body alert and active, but when too frequently repeated, weak and languid. He should be careful in time of health not to destroy, by excess of any kind, that vigour of constitution which should support him under sickness."

Notwithstanding the youth's amended health, our prudent father determined, upon the advice of his

family physician, the late William Boys, M.D., of Staunton, a noted provincial member of the profession, and a descendent, I believe, of the Boys, of County Kent, in England, so many of whom have found a sepulchre in Canterbury Cathedral, to send him farther north, to the more bracing air of Connecticut. He was accordingly entered at Yale College, in 1824.

As a proof of the high estimation in which he was held at Princeton, it may be mentioned, that when it was known that owing to ill health he would not return to the University, the authorities wished, in consideration of his fine scholarship and exemplary deportment, to confer upon him the degree which he would have obtained had he remained there two years longer. Indeed they were prevented from doing so only by the statutes of the Institution, which were found, on close examination, to prohibit that course, and also William Peyton's declared purpose not to accept such a degree. The Whig Society, however, a literary association and debating club to which he belonged, conferred upon him the honour reserved for their most distinguished members, and though he refused this mark of appreciation from his comrades also, the society dispatched to our father, in Virginia, the diploma my brother would not accept. This document, handsomely framed, long graced the walls of the library, at Montgomery Hall, and is now (1873) in the possession of my eldest sister.

It was the opinion of the litterateurs of Princeton that the peculiar faculty of acquiring languages was developed in him in the highest degree, and that he

would rival the fame of Crichton, Walton, Pocock, Sir William Jones, Mezzofanti, or any of the great English or continental linguists. Some of the accounts, indeed, of his feats at this day are so remarkable that I am disposed to regard them as legendary, such as the stories told of Buddha and Mahomet, the first of whom is said, at the age of ten years, to have taught his master Babourenon, fifty non-Indian tongues and their respective characters, while the second, according to his biographer Prideaux, was promised before the throne of the most High that he "should have the knowledge of all languages."

At the period, when he left Princeton, his personal appearance was that of one who had grown too rapidly into manhood. He was tall and slender. In his movements, however, he was easy, graceful, and firm, withal showing the nobleness of his origin. His hair and complexion were light brown, the forehead broad and expansive, his nose aquiline, his eyes dark blue and brilliant, and the appearance of his whole person pleasing and dignified. His mind had rapidly expanded at Princeton, and he now showed a keen penetration, clear judgment, and comprehensive intellect. He added to these the talent of wit and ridicule in a remarkable degree, recited admirably, possessed a rich fund of anecdote, an easy flow of words, and high animal spirits, and improvised verses and epigrams. The first efforts of his genius, in fact, seemed to be in the direction of the muses. Unrestrained at this early day by the coldness of argument



and the confinement of rules, his mind seemed gladly to indulge in flights of imagination, a thing not uncommon with men of genius. Indeed an early taste for the beauties of poetical composition is in my opinion an almost infallible mark of a refined and elegant mind. Cicero, Valerius, Cato and other ancient philosophers, orators, and historians, are known to have sacrificed to the muses in their earlier productions. This talent for versification sometimes led him into difficulties. On one occasion, previous to his return to Yale, he wrote some verses upon an entertainment given by an old lady of Staunton. She was a connection of the family, and he had been accustomed to call her *aunt*, though she was really no relative. At this party, to the surprise of the small fry, and the disgust of the young gentlemen, the only wine supplied was made by herself from the blackberry, a favourite fruit which flourishes in Augusta. The gay youths expected to sip the juice of the grape in the form of sparkling champagne. This domestic wine is an excellent summer drink, but was not what the fashionable boys expected. When their host provided it, she considered that she was not only conferring a favour, but paying them a compliment. Her well known hospitality, at all events, excluded the idea that in proffering it she was influenced by any mean considerations of economy. "Young America," however, was dissatisfied with the change. These youths were decidedly of the opinion of Diogenes, who, when asked what wine he preferred, answered, "the foreign."

The thirsty popinjays of that day were as fond as those of our generation of the glass which not only exhilarates, but inebriates, and felt the slight in two ways. Their pride was stung, their wrath kindled, and their thirst remained unslaked, at least by the desired champagne. Consequently they set their wits together to be avenged, and persuaded William Peyton to compose a few stanzas, as they expressed it, "suitable to the occasion." Without a moment's reflection, and evidently while inspired by the Blackberry cordial, he complied with their wishes. His lines began somewhat after this fashion :

This blackberry wine is all very fine,  
But it makes Jack go to bed with his breeches on.

Probably my reader loses nothing by reason of my inability to procure a copy of these lines, which proceeded in a comical vein to eulogize the home-made beverage, but ridiculed its heady qualities, and the wine itself in comparison with *vin etranger*. The verses ran through the town, causing no small merriment. Coming finally with the author's name to the knowledge of the old lady, her wrath was kindled. The verses were sent her by a marplot. She put on her spectacles and proceeded to read them, and, though her anger waxed hot, she could not help exclaiming, as one happy joke after another flashed upon her sight, "Marvellous boy ! marvellous boy." The improvisator called some days later, before his departure for college, when she had somewhat recovered her temper, and in a graceful manner made his peace with his old friend by

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explaining the simple circumstances under which the *jeu d'esprit* was perpetrated. Thus, by a display of that frankness and candour which formed so prominent a part of his character, and which education and cultivation only rendered more conspicuous, he disarmed her resentment. Her sense of injury removed, she laughed as heartily as anyone at the vexation of the young people and the sparkling wit of the Quixotic bard. A few weeks later, when he left to resume his academic duties, he was supplied by this generous friend with a case of her best "blackberry," with which, in the midst of his college fellows, he often drank to her health and long life.

It is obvious from this incident that he did not then belong, if he ever did, to that rare class who are never foolish even when they are young ; who never cry out when they are hurt ; never are driven out of their course by adverse winds, and are always able to see that every thing is for the best. Such people in this world of troubles are not only rare but blessed, and are very unlike the rest of us, who cry out a great deal, and are very foolish generally, not only when we are young, but all our lives.

### CHAPTER III.

WERE I detailing the life of one whose career had been eventful, I should not occupy the space given in this chapter with what might prove of little interest to the reader. But as few lives worth recording are more devoid of incident, it is not expected that this simple record of his will be adapted to the tastes of those who enjoy only what is now termed sensational reading. As I neither write for, nor expect to please, this class, I shall not omit such minor occurrences in his career as may appear likely to prove useful and interesting to others.

On a fine sunny afternoon of early September, in the year 1825, two young gentlemen dressed in shooting costume were lying on the grass beneath the outstretched branches of an old walnut. This venerable tree threw its grateful shade over an ancient stone building covered with woodbine, honeysuckle, and grape vines, and from which a gurgling stream issued forth. Their fowling-pieces and game-bags were by their sides. This house protected the bubbling spring from which

the supply of water at jolly old Montgomery Hall, the red gables of which were seen amidst foliage about four hundred yards distant, was drawn. Jolly old Montgomery Hall !

“In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted hospitality :  
His great fires up the chimney roar’d ;  
The stranger feasted at his board :  
•                   •                   •                   •  
There groups of merry children play’d  
There youths and maidens, dreaming, stray’d.”

Gushing from the side of a rock, covered with moss and wild flowers, and shaded by waving branches, the fountain, though not large, sent forth a stream of pure, bright water. This rivulet lies in the lap of the rich and partly wooded valley of Peyton’s brook, a tributary of Lewis’ creek, in the midst of a sea of verdure, for it meanders through meadows, which extend through dale and over gently undulating hill. Overlooked by the high grounds on which the hall stands, and the more distant north mountains, it is the coolest and most picturesque of vallies.

Fatigued from their morning’s amusement, the young sportsmen were looking out lazily, almost insensibly, upon this scene of blue and green, and the various beauties soliciting their admiration, the while carrying on a desultory conversation. Both were tall and graceful, and about both there was the charm of happy youth. One of them had black eyes, large, bold, and sparkling, and hair dark as the raven’s plumage—this was Jefferson Stuart. The other was brown haired,

blue eyed, and fairer of complexion, was taller and more robust of figure than his handsome companion. He was really his junior by two or three years, and seemed not to have attained his full growth—the darkening down only just shaded a cheek somewhat sunburnt though naturally fair—this was William Madison Peyton. They had gone forth some hours before to shoot partridges, which are plentiful in this section of Virginia. Reaching on their return the beautiful fountain, hot and dusty they quenched their thirst and threw themselves on the grass to indulge, perhaps, in a short siesta. Here they remained some time in silence, apparently listening to the peculiar sounds of the country, which replace the hum of the city, the rustle of the leaves, the waving of the corn, the song of birds, the humming of insects. For some time they did not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word, but remained delighted by the rural sights and sounds. Stuart, whose curiosity had often been excited by the old building, and the numberless names carved upon its sides, rose to examine it more closely. In the act of raising some ivy leaves which covered its hoary sides, he started back with an arch smile, as he saw engraved upon one of the stones, SALLY TAYLOR.

William Peyton, who saw the movement and the smile of his friend, quickly turned away and sent his hat into the air with a squir, then, seizing his gun, he fired at a skylark and, of course, brought down no game. Stuart, who observed his confusion, with that sensitive delicacy for the feelings of others which always characterised

him, said nothing of his discovery, and the two, after a further short delay, went their way merrily.

The town of Staunton, though its foundation does not date anteriorly to the year 1730, when it was traced out by the Huguenot emigrant, Colonel John Lewis, \* the pioneer and first white settler of Augusta, has nevertheless, so new is new America, something of the odour of antiquity about it. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety," indeed, of the reminiscences connected with the name of Staunton and its old and noted houses. These houses, like all those which have seen better days, in every ancient town or village, are not unillustrated by their legends of terror. Some are historical, and strange stories they have, some are haunted and with the worst kind of goblins, and there are evenings when one might believe, with Chaucer, that the

Queen of Faery,  
With harps, and pipe, and symphoney,  
Were dwelling in the place.

Of the houses whose names are written in Virginian history, many thrilling tales are told connected with the

\* Colonel Stuart, of Greenbrier, in his *Memoir of the Indian Wars*, published by his son, Charles A. Stuart, under the auspices of the Virginia Historical Society, in Richmond, 1833, remarks that the river Greenbrier received its name from Colonel Lewis, in the following manner. "The next year, 1778," says Colonel Stuart, "Greenbrier was separated from Botetourt County, and the county took its name from the river, which was so named by old Colonel John Lewis, father to the late General Andrew Lewis, and was one of the Grantees under H.M. Order in Council, who, in company with his son Andrew, explored the country in 1751. He, Colonel Lewis, entangled himself one day in a bunch of green briars on the river banks, and declared he would ever after call the stream Greenbrier river."

bloody border wars. Stories of how they were besieged by the Red-skins, who alternately tried the experiment of burning or starving out the indwellers, of the stratagems and surprises to which they were subjected, and the direct attacks they sustained. The best known and most famous of these old houses was, of course, that of Col. John Lewis, which was not inaptly styled "The Fort." It was built of huge masses of stone, with walls of extraordinary thickness, pierced with windows of slender proportion, and looked more like a fortress than a mansion. The truth is, it was both. Here the brave old pioneer lived many years—indeed till his death in 1762, defending his family and the infant colony from their savage foes. Another of those houses is "Spring farm" mansion, which was built of *adobe* (bricks dried in the sun) by Hessian prisoners taken by the American army during the war of the Revolution. Sent west of the blue mountains to remain during the war, these mercenaries were turned to valuable account. Houses were built, lands drained, private grounds embellished, and roads constructed by their labour.

Of the houses haunted, of spectres still more horrible, stories are told of the spirits of evil and goblins damned by which they are infested. One of these ancient, tumble down buildings—a soot begrimed, leaky-roofed centenarian, occupied by an old woman, whose appearance at an earlier period would have subjected her to the ordeal of fire and water—was the terror in our youth of young folks. In addition to



the venerable occupant, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, it was popularly supposed to shelter a great population of goblins, whose horrible noises oft startled the dull ear of night. The old crone who lived in this desolate and weird house had been married to an improvident man. At his death she was left poor and childless, and continued to occupy her solitary house on the outskirts of the common. Strange reports began to be circulated regarding her and the house. Lights were seen burning in her attic windows, strange sounds were heard in the house at unseasonable hours, her cow gave bloody milk. Soon the stock of the neighbouring farmers was found with tangled and knotted tails and manes, the horses waxed poor, the supply of milk fell off, the cattle caught disease (what is now called the pleuro-pneumonia), the potatoes grew mouldy. These misfortunes were traced to poor Lovie. She was regarded as a witch, and her dwelling as the abode of disembodied spirits, of astral spirits, gnomes, salamanders, and naiads. The young people never passed the cottage without tucking up their garments and veering to the opposite side of the street, especially about nightfall. The belief in ghosts, goblins, and wraiths still lingered among the rustic population, in spite of the schoolmaster and the newspaper. Rarely did these simple folk visit the town without peering furtively round as they passed (if during twilight's hour) the lonely home of Lovie, lest bogles might catch them unawares. Another of these prematurely aged houses—a house whose days seemed numbered, whose space of life was rapidly drawing to a close—was three

stories high, standing between two heavy squalid-looking buildings, having one story each; consequently the beholder might easily acquire the impression that its altitude had been caused by the pressure of its sleepy neighbours. It had four tall, lanky chimneys, which had apparently eschewed smoke for years, and eight front windows. These windows had most of their panes broken, but were all fortified on the inside with rickety shutters, which excluded light and air, and frustrated the curiosity of passers-by to obtain a view of the interior—save of two small rooms. I might go on describing the peculiarities of this strange building until I had filled pages of my MS., could I but afford the space. It was owned and partly occupied by an eccentric old man, named Bury Hill, who was a cross between a monomaniac and a hypochondriac. This house was, of course, classed among the haunted. Mr. Hill was a grocer, but his principal business consisted in selling inferior whiskey to what our town snobs called low *Iwish*. These ignorant sons of Erin feared ghosts, but were never known to shrink from spirits. This singular but inoffensive man, Hill, took quite a fancy to the writer in his boyhood, and often refreshed him in hot weather with “cobbler.”\* Mr. Hill was supposed to occupy his house in common with “Old Nick” himself. Aged negroes, especially those belonging to the class of nurses, declared that they had seen the hideous salamander

\* The sherry cobbler belongs to that catalogue of American drinks which have a nomenclature of their own, and is an iced drink much in request during the summer. Made generally of imitation sherry, it yields only a temporary refreshment. If long indulged in, it is sure to end by destroying the stomach.

there, "ye deville bodilie, being like unto one hugeous black gote, with hornis and taille." In common with the children of the town, I believed these stories, but it did not impair my taste for his cobblers. Oh the charming simplicity of childhood! How rare and refreshing! Who does not long once more for the happy dreams and sweet illusions of youth!

These were not the only, nor the most attractive, houses of which our town could boast. There were many comfortable mansions, with an air of substantial and aristocratic prosperity. Of some of these I will speak presently. The streets of the town itself were narrow, with badly-paved footpaths; the houses generally tall and roofed with shingles—thin boards. An ancient church, with a gray, moss-rusted tower, clothed from base to summit with the Virginian creeper, a decrepid wooden bridge spanning the pebbly creek, and a tottering mill (Fawkler's) near the centre of it, a desolate looking court-house and dreary prison, were, omitting the private residences, the principal features of the town. Such was the borough of Staunton of early days—my native loved old village. It is painful to look back upon a home and social circle broken up, upon a sunny childhood faded, and upon parents lost but unforgotten—upon Virginia dismembered, subjugated, a prey to "carpet baggers," harpies, and negroes. Nothing can ever efface from my heart the remembrance of "the old dominion." Nothing is comparable, amidst the arts and ruins of older lands, to the splendour with which nature decks herself in her woods and vallies,

her mountains and her streams. Capable of yielding every comfort, offering every charm, what can exceed the enthusiasm of her sons for such a country?

The foregoing in regard to Staunton has been altogether by way of digression—has no immediate connection with this history. Digressions are not unfrequently indulged in by the writer, and are, as a clever man has said, the sunshine, the life, the soul of reading. Take them out of a book, and you might as well take the book along with them—one cold, eternal winter would reign in every page of it: restore them to the writer, he steps forth like a bridegroom, bids all hail—brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

Though our history has no concern with what has been described of my native town, it is closely connected with two of Staunton's solid houses, about which I shall now speak: on them hangs a tale. The first of these was a brick building, fronting on Beverly, near its intersection with Augusta Street. It was a thoroughly comfortable and respectable abode—a picture in its way. That plain Virginian house, its cheerful face of red bricks, its solid squareness of shape—a symbol of the substance of its owner—was the residence of the Hon. Allan Taylor, Chancellor of the Equity Court, which I have mentioned as having such an extensive territorial jurisdiction. Chancellor Taylor was much respected for the probity of his character, the accuracy of his learning, and the fidelity with which he devoted himself to the business of his court.

It was often said of him, that he might be mistaken in

an opinion ; but, if so, it was an error of the head and not of the heart. His social habits were winning, as well as those of his contemporaries ; this has given celebrity to what is known in America as Virginian hospitality. His house was therefore a favourite resort, where the old oaken board was always spread for friends, and the old chairs ranged in a wide crescent around the log-heaped fire. In early life he married an accomplished lady, Miss Elizabeth Thompson, who, besides many personal charms, was an heiress, and he was now surrounded by an interesting brood of children. His two daughters were named Elizabeth (or, as she was commonly called, Sally) and Juliet. The elder, Elizabeth, at this time (September, 1825) in her eighteenth year, was the acknowledged village beauty, which was not surprising, for she looked, according to all contemporaneous accounts, like the fairest and youngest of the muses. In a dreamy moment of youthful love, William Peyton had engraved her name upon the side of the old building. Entertaining for her a tender and deep affection, which began in childhood, it was now one of the most profound sentiments of his heart.

Elizabeth Taylor was, in Sept. 1825, rather *petite*, had the look of those young people who have not quite done growing, giving her an appearance at once elegant and interesting. Her features were regular, the nose aquiline, eyes blue, eyebrows in a simple, almost severe, arch, like those of a Circassian, and there was something resolute and original in her expression

that was exceedingly attractive. Her mouth, which was small, had even then a slight expression of disdain. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of her complexion, in which were mingled the lily and the rose, and her hair, which was light chestnut, fell in ringlets about her neck. The grace and dignity of her movements bespoke a noble nature and descent. Such was the young creature destined to play an important part in the life of William Peyton. Through the partiality of a relation, she enjoyed a separate estate, and was regarded as the richest prize in the community. In the slang of the town and country fops, she was known as, "*beauty and booty*," and there were few of those coxcombs who did not aspire to her hand. Some were disinterested and attracted solely by her personal charms and accomplishments, but it is beyond doubt that others were drawn by the fortune. As several of the gallants of that day are still living, and have grown wiser with years, I will not mention their names, which might make it necessary to indicate those who were attracted by the *beauty* and those by the *booty*—an invidious task which is gladly avoided. The united causes, however, gave her a marked pre-eminence among the belles of a town famous for the beauty of its women. The chancellor's house was, of course, one of the chosen spots where the village butterflies most loved to congregate.

In Augusta Street, facing the east, was a capacious residence, called "The Old Stone House," from the fact that it was built of blue limestone, which exists everywhere in large quantities in the Shenandoah

valley. It was erected at an early period, and was intended to be, as it really was, half dwelling-house, half fortress. The immense thickness of the buttressed walls, the narrow windows, the front door through which a gun carriage might pass, and the situation of the edifice, which commanded the approaches, leave little doubt of its original purpose. It was evidently designed both as a residence and as an outpost, a kind of detached fort set up in early days against the attacks of Redskins. This was the town residence of our father for several years, while Montgomery Hall was being rebuilt upon the site of an ancient edifice. Though facing another point of the compass, and in a different street from Chancellor Taylor's residence, the grounds of the two establishments were adjacent, and communicated by a small vine-covered gate-way. The grounds were large and ornamented, in addition to much shrubbery, with oaks, walnuts, and chestnut trees. Through this rustic gate-way, the two families of Taylor and Peyton kept up a constant intercourse, and not a day passed without their children spending some hours together. It was during this happy period that William Peyton and Elizabeth Taylor had unconsciously learned to love. And it does not appear that their case illustrated the trite adage that the "course of true love never did run smooth," for, as they advanced towards adolescence their affection "grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength"—nothing occurred to mar their happiness. They probably were, however, themselves then uncon-

scious of the character and depth of these tender feelings. The hero of this little tale of real life had made no declaration of his passion, and neither the parents of the one nor the other suspected the existence of a secret attachment. The affair attracted less attention from the fact that in the next property south of the stone house, there lived the family of a seafaring man, Captain Williamson, of the United States Mercantile Marine, whose family were in the constant habit of joining the group of young people playing in the grounds. The worthy Captain had a daughter also, who was afterwards famous for wit and beauty. William Peyton was as frequently with one family as the other, and was known years later to derive no small pleasure from the society of the captain's fair daughter. Probably he was more with the Williamsons than the Taylors at this time, for Captain W. had enriched his house with many curiosities collected in Europe, Asia, Africa, and other distant quarters of the globe. He had many rare paintings, vases, statuettes, Chinese-pagodas, tapestries, medals, coins and other objects of virtu ; and for the study of these, William Peyton evinced a strong passion. Much of his time was spent in examining them, and the correct taste he afterwards displayed in the decorations, the furniture, the paintings, etc., of his establishment, at Elmwood, in Roanoke, was probably in some measure due to the direction now given to his mind. Being much in the society of both families until the completion of his education, if



anyone thought of the probability of his losing his heart with either of these beautiful girls, they were at a loss to imagine which fair charmer 'twould be. It was, therefore, something of a discovery for his young friend and companion, Stuart, to have penetrated so unexpectedly and unwittingly into the secret workings of his soul; for who can doubt but to Stuart's mind the hoary sides of the Spring house told a tale of love. Stuart may have jested with him upon the subject of his passion, in their solitary walks, and may have been taken into the lover's confidence; but, if so, he preserved the secret with fidelity, for up to William's return from Yale, in 1824, the world had no knowledge of the affair.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader if I conclude this chapter with a brief allusion to some of the changes which time has wrought in the Staunton of 1810-20. Railways and telegraphs have penetrated beyond the mountains, and the village of earlier days has passed away. Now trains, like comets with "fiery tresses," hiss and foam through the frightened fields and crowded ways. Shops have taken the place of homes, and grass no longer grows in streets which reverberate with the music of commerce, and are full of the stirring stream of life. Judge Taylor's house has been despoiled, "gutted", the lower story metamorphosed into a place of business, where sugar and salt, fresh butter and dried herrings, are offered for sale. The ivy, the jessamine, and the woodbine have been stripped from the walls and replaced with fresh

stucco, and the old home bears a new name. Now it is called after a recent occupant, "The McDowell House." Many other changes have taken place. The dignified gentleman of the old school, with his blue coat and brass buttons, buff waistcoat and top boots, vermillion face and powdered hair—the type of a proud and generous race—one of the institutions, if I may so speak, of the Virginia of the past, has disappeared. Indeed, he is almost forgotten by a bustling, money-making, and irreverent posterity. The ancient constitution and conservative local government, the habits and customs of the inhabitants, have also passed away, and, what they were, will in a few years, in all probability, become a matter of curious enquiry.

At the period of which I speak, railways and telegraphs were unknown—people travelled on horse-back and in coaches, when they did travel, which was seldom the case. There were horses of every breed, and coaches light and heavy, single and double, long and short—all the crosses between a hearse and an omnibus; but if people moved more slowly in those days may they not have been happier? There was no talking to distant minds by means of lightning, no travelling on the wings of steam—none of the "fast" and "slap-dash" propensities of the present; but again, if there was less excitement, was there not more quiet comfort? If our ancestors were not happier, if modern improvements are all for good, and nothing for evil, let wiser heads and deeper philosophy than mine determine. What remains to me of this bygone age but the

hearts's memory of old things ? " I cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear to me." With the fine old gentleman, the whole throng have vanished through the ruby skies. Yes, the men, dear honest race, and their manners and customs, the spirit of the age in which they lived, like their houses and festival days, have departed !

Oh ! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear—  
Remembrance hails you with her warmest tear !

## CHAPTER IV.

THE vacation of 1823, which William Peyton spent at home, had scarcely passed away before he was on his return to Yale. During the term which followed, he completed his academic education, giving such increased evidence of talent and scholarship, that there were few of his associates who did not believe he would achieve great things in after life. Professors and students alike regarded him as the coming man, as well by the cleverness he had displayed in his University career, as by his conversation, conduct, tone, and manner, by his ready writings and speeches, or, in other words, by the thousand signs and tokens through which mind can be recognized and made known.

It may not be uninteresting to remark, that his residence and partial education in the north exercised a wholesome influence upon his opinions in after life. Many of the prejudices which he imbibed in youth against the northern people, and more especially those of New England, were removed. He learned to take larger and more catholic views, to respect the New

Englanders for their great virtues of intellect, perseverance, and morality. In later years these youthful impressions were strengthened by further intercourse with the northern people, and he did much to create a better feeling between the inhabitants of the two great sections of the Republic. Among other things, he invited one of his college friends, Mr. B., subsequently the Rev. E. Boyden, to make him a visit. Mr. Boyden, who accepted the invitation, was so much pleased with the society, climate, and scenery of Virginia, that he adopted it as his home, and, some years after this visit, married a Stauntonian. Through the influence of my father and his wife's family, he was appointed curate, and afterwards rector, of Trinity Church, Staunton. The Rev. E. Boyden is still (1873) living in Virginia, where he is much esteemed and respected.

On my brother's return from Yale, our kind father, by a rare display of wisdom and liberality, placed at his son's absolute disposal, the estate he had acquired through his mother. Under the laws of Virginia, the husband is entitled, on the wife's death, by what is termed the "courtesy of England," to the usufruct of her property for life. My father did not choose to exercise this right, because, having married again, and having already one child born with every prospect of a large family,\* he did not desire or intend that the offspring of his

\* The writer was born of this second marriage the year following, namely on the 15th of September, 1824.

second wife should participate, to the slightest extent, in the property of the first. According to his strict sense of honour, his elder son was equitably entitled to his mother's estate, and it was accordingly transferred to him, at his coming of age. He took this course for the further reason that it showed—certified—his confidence in the prudence, good sense and mature judgment of a son, of whom he had so much reason to be proud. The sagacity of his course in this matter was apparent in after times. It had the happiest effect, among other things, of preventing any envy or jealousy between the son of his first marriage and the children of the second. William Peyton always felt and acted towards his half brothers and sisters with the affectionate solicitude of a parent. During the thirty-odd years of the writer's intercourse with him, down, in fact, to the period of his death, he never spoke an unkind word, or was guilty of a single action unworthy of the fraternal relations existing between them. On the contrary he was always anxious to promote the success and prosperity of his sisters and brothers, but more especially of the author, in his every plan and project; was, in a word, everything that a brother could or should be. Well may my hand tremble, and my eyes grow dim, as the memory of the past rises up out of the grave. Turning back to the period when I first remember him, now after the lapse of forty years,

His every look, His every word,

His very voice's tone,

Come back to me like things whose worth

Is only prized when gone.

The past stirs up again the churchyard of memory, and I see him as I saw him when a lad of ten. I loved him as a boy can love; and boys love with a devotion, a truth, a purity which few preserve in youth and manhood. My affection for him, however, was always the same. Time, business contact with the cold and selfish world did not impair or lessen it. But why dwell upon my grief at his loss? a grief heightened, if possible, in my case, since the blow was received when my home had become strange to me, and a strange land my home. The heart only knows its own bitterness. Suffice it to say, that in those days he completely fulfilled my boyish notions of the *beau ideal*.

From that period, I follow our intercourse down to his death, without recalling a single instance in which his anxious care, affectionate kindness failed. All my recollections of him, indeed, are associated with his almost parental solicitude on my behalf. It cannot be surprising, then, that I feel warmly concerning him, that I cherish his memory, that I have spoken of him and must still do so in high—in what some might consider extravagant—terms. Far be it from me, however, to indulge in idle praise. Elsewhere I have remarked that such praise is weak as unjust, reflecting credit neither upon the eulogist nor the person commended. Nor does his fame require it. In his case the simple truth is more eloquent than the highest-wrought praise. Born with a love of the good, the pure, and the true, a lovelier character never existed. If I may be permitted, after having already said so much on this subject, to refer to it again, it would be to say that if such a

multiform and mixed thing as the human character can be described by a single word, his might very nearly be concentrated into that one word—magnamity. His genius allied itself to deep thoughts, great studies and objects. His intellect was solid, vigorous and comprehensive ; taking in the whole range of knowledge, but was particularly devoted to those branches which require industry, sustained attention and the power of abstract thought. He was learned in the languages, thoroughly versed in the law, an adept in mathematics and the natural sciences. But, if his varied abilities elicited admiration his virtues were greater. Truth and honour were the two poles within which his whole actions revolved. He was capable only of the loftiest conceptions, of the noblest sentiments. Everything little, false, and corrupt, was spurned by him as the dust beneath his feet. In a crooked path he could not walk : in a foul atmosphere he could not breathe.

Some years since, I met the distinguished Dr. J. Marion Sims, of New York, at a private party in Paris. He had taken refuge there during the civil war in America, and, by his professional abilities, was not only making a support, but extending his fame.\* In the course of the evening, our conversation turned upon the subject of the civil strife in the United States, which was then at its height, and to Colonel Peyton's actual detention under surveillance, his *quasi* imprisonment for some months after its commencement in New York. A gentleman present, one of my brother's old friends,

\* He was Consulting Physician to the Empress Eugenie, and Physician in Ordinary to the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton.



asked Dr. Sims if Colonel Peyton was an acquaintance of his? "Yes" said Dr. Sims "I know and love him. We have been intimate friends for years. He is a man of superior intelligence, versed in the arts, in science, and in politics—in everything, in short, which can enrich and elevate the human mind." "He has," continued Dr. S. "a heart superior to his head—is, in a word, as near perfection as is possible with a human being."

Perhaps an apology is due to the reader for the abruptness of my transitions, and for the want of strict sequence as to time in relating these recollections. It arises from the difficulty of combining all the facts of a personal history in a continuous recital. The assurance, however, that it does not interfere materially with the continuity of the narrative, will palliate, if it does not altogether excuse, the adventurous freedom of my pen.

The estate previously mentioned as having been transferred to my brother, consisted of lands in Virginia and Kentucky, negro bondsmen, and a considerable accumulation of money. He found himself, therefore, at his majority, in command of a handsome fortune, the representative of a family, which in point of antiquity, of high connexions and the political influence it exercised, second to none in the land. It is not surprising, therefore, that the law had faint allurements for him, that he turned reluctantly to its study and then only to gratify a father who was ambitious that he should shine in the forum. Of all the professions, that of jurisprudence affords the fairest and most promising

field for the exercise of abilities. Neither patronage, connections, nor address, can make a man an able lawyer or an eloquent pleader. In this profession there must be intrinsic merit, which will at last surmount all difficulties and command that attention which the generality of men are obliged to court. Knowing my brother's abilities, and that he must make a conspicuous figure in the forum, my father felt a strong desire that he should pursue this profession. The law was also at that time, as it now is, the avenue to every distinction in Virginia, and this fact also induced our learned father to urge him to adopt it. Our father was a man, of high and honourable ambition, and naturally sought the distinction of his son, at the same time he ever kept in view, that our chief end in this world is to prepare for a better one—often recalling his son from too eager a pursuit by remarking, verily, it would be no profit if he gained the whole world, and lost his own soul.

Perhaps my brother's disinclination for the law may be better understood when his character is more fully developed before the reader. Among his earliest propensities was a fondness for the arts, music, poetry, painting, and sculpture. In both drawing and painting he acquired much skill, and while these pursuits were necessarily neglected amid the multiplied and pressing occupations of after life, he always showed the highest appreciation of them. His sense of the beautiful was vivid, his taste exquisite, and it was said of him by the late Mr. Sully, an eminent painter of Richmond and Philadelphia, that he was not only an amateur and a

connoisseur, but an artist as well. Before he was twenty-five he had amassed a considerable collection of paintings, busts, statuettes, vases, coins, medals, and other rarities, a collection which was augmented from year to year till the visitor wandered from room to room in his Roanoke mansion bewildered with the *embarras des richesses*. His library, too, was one of the best selected, and probably the largest private collection of books in Virginia. On his shelves were many old, rare, and valuable works, and some of the finest books of plates and engravings extant. It would have required the industry and learning of an American Dibden to classify the books and set forth their claims to celebrity. Such was his proficiency as a linguist, that he wrote several of the polite languages with the correctness and fluency of an educated native. Yet, with all this surface of graceful accomplishments, no one called him superficial. On the contrary, it was the habit of his mind to search into the depths of things. He had sufficient warmth of imagination to appreciate the works on which fancy bestows a life more lasting than reality, yet that appreciation did not lead him to copy, but rather to analyse what he admired. Fond of metaphysics, he prized most that kind of poetry in which intellectual speculation lights up unsuspected beauties, or from which it derives familiar illustration of hidden truths. Thus, in his conversation, though it had the easy charm of a man of the world, there was a certain subtlety, sometimes a depth, of reasoning, which, aided by large stores of information, imposed upon his

listeners and brought into bolder relief the vantage ground for political station, which his talents and his knowledge took from the dignity of his birth and the largeness of his fortune.

With little taste for the routine and technicalities of the common law, he yielded to the earnest desire of our father, and, after a short respite from collegiate labours, commenced studying for the bar. Two years later (1828), when in his twenty-third year, he was admitted to the practice. A few months following this introduction, during a recess of the courts, he set forth upon a tour of the States, or what were termed "his travels." It was not only his own, but our father's wish, that he should make this tour. No doubt there is a period in the existence of every man, when he desires to wander away from the familiar objects around him, when he longs to be far from his best friends; times when the stream of humanity becomes dull and prosy, when one tires of routine, and desires to be upon the lake shore or the mountain peak. This was now his case, and consequently he left home in high spirits. He was no doubt imbued with the meaning of the remark of Beaumont on a similar occasion, who said:

"Let rogues be fixed, who have no habitation,  
A gentleman may wander."

During his absence, he visited the British North American provinces, and, returning by Canada passed, thence through the lakes to the north-western States and territories, and down the Mississippi to New

Orleans. From New Orleans he proceeded home through Alabama, Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas. These travels were undertaken, not merely to gratify his taste for the picturesque, but, in imitation of the example of the wise Ulysses, to study the laws and institutions, the manners and customs, of the different regions which he visited and where he resided. In the society of the numerous state and colonial capitals where he sojourned, he abstained from all giddy and licentious pleasures, though it was not unfrequently the case that young men whom he met, sought to make him ashamed of sobriety, and I regret to say, many of the women of modesty.

While in Florida he was prostrated by a violent attack of fever. He could scarcely have recovered, such was its severity but for the kind and watchful attention of a Virginian doctor, who had years before migrated to the territory, and who attended him more as a friend than a physician, and the singular fidelity of an African freedman, a waiter in the town of Tallahassee, who had been his travelling guide and servant for some weeks before. This faithful black watched at his bed-side, day and night, apparently without ever giving way to sleep or fatigue, studying his every motion, administering medicine at proper intervals, and fanning his fevered brow. When he had sufficiently recovered to leave his room, and was once more convalescent, he enquired the cause of a sadness which he had all along read in the countenance of his excellent attendant. The black informed him, with a simple eloquence, which

brought tears to his eyes, that he had long loved a slave girl whom he wished to marry. Her master, however, objected, not wishing his slaves to intermarry with freed persons. The black attributed his refusal to another and a different cause, and trembled for the girl's virtue. He represented that the master was in debt, and purposed selling his property, and removing west of the Mississippi. In this contingency, William's nurse wished to accompany them, though he should leave behind an aged and infirm mother, who relied entirely upon his labour for support.

Deeply moved by this simple narrative, my brother formed a resolution. On the following day he visited the girl's master, and, after a long interview, the particulars of which never transpired, he succeeded in not only procuring his consent to the union, but also to his parting with the ownership of the beautiful slave. By some arrangement, into which the freedman was made a party, the girl passed to her lover, or in other words, from the bonds of slavery to those of conjugal life. When this affair was settled, and the particulars communicated to the grateful black, he was overwhelmed, and bewildered at his good fortune. Soon he burst into a paroxysm of tears, and throwing himself upon his knees, in extravagant terms thanked his generous benefactor, commending him to the favour of Heaven.

William Peyton remained long enough in Florida to see the lovers married. The night before leaving they came to him with the aged mother, their friends

and relatives, to make a last demonstration of their gratitude, bringing fruits and flowers as an offering, and singing songs of thanks and praise. When he left, he was surrounded by a crowd of grateful Africans, deeply moved with grief and frantic in their gestures, and in their wild language of praise and thanks.

This affecting incident of his travels, which was not mentioned on his return, many years later, came to the knowledge of the author, through a communication from a Floridian, who was in Virginia on a summer tour.

On his return from these well employed travels, he became the general object of esteem and attention in his own county, not only on account of his noble character, but by the elegance of his manners, the comeliness of his person, and the delights of his conversation. His reappearance at the bar was now anxiously awaited by his friends, many of whom supposed he would equal, if not surpass, our learned father as a pleader and an advocate. His first appearance before a jury, gave the best hopes of his abilities, and inspired his friends with fresh zeal for his continuance at the bar. He soon became conspicuous for the analytical powers of his mind, for the accuracy of his legal knowledge, the dexterity of his handling of an opponent and the fervour of his eloquence. Business came in rapidly and his success, had not his failing health prevented, must have equalled any expectations formed of him by his

most sanguine friends. Always in delicate health, he suffered periodically from vertigo and severe pains in the head, and [after these paroxysms was subject to long periods of weariness. At the end of two years, therefore, upon the advice of a medical man, he determined to give up the profession, and to retire upon his estate, in order to give himself up to less exhausting and more congenial pursuits. Thus it is that he is not famous in the legal annals of Virginia; that he produced no great work in his retirement. In addition to his ill-health, which impaired his energies, he wanted ambition, self-assertion—was extremely placable, and saw other and less worthy men advance and pass him, without any effort or regret. Had his health been vigorous, had he been arrogant, grasping, and faithless, and had he been ready to betray or blacken those with whom he sat at meat, he would have reached the highest political honours and distinctions, and must have passed many men, who in the course of his life passed him. But without selling his soul for a mess of pottage, had he been more zealous for the promotion of his interest, more selfish, more conscious of his power and of the place nature intended him to occupy, he would have acted a great part in life and remained a noted character in history. A man, however, cannot be what he would, if circumstances do not permit it.

It may not be out of place to anticipate events at this point and to relate the following interesting occurrence which took place on his abandonment of the wig and



gown. It had not been customary with him to receive his fees, while at the bar, in money, but turning a kind ear to the complaints of clients, he had satisfied himself, following in this the advice of my father, with simply taking their I.O.U.'s. These he could collect if he required the money, and if not, it was evident he would not inconvenience his debtors. Previously to the last term of the superior courts which he attended, he addressed a letter to each of his debtors, informing them of his wish to meet them at the next court, and asking them, if possible, not to disappoint him.

What occurred when he reached Huntersville, where the superior court of Pocahontas county was held, will give the reader an idea of what took place everywhere in the circuit. His clients received these notices with various feelings. They were anxious—restless. Those who owed him large sums were filled with apprehension. They could but suppose from the brief, almost curt, note they had received, that immediate payment of their accounts would be demanded. Something akin to a money panic prevailed at the time in the country—there was great financial embarrassment, and the stoutest men quailed as they looked forward to the ruin in which all industrial interests were likely to be involved. The dread, therefore, with which his debtors assembled for his appearance at Huntersville, may be better imagined than described. Many said it was impossible such a man could think of pressing them for his claims at such a moment, or

indeed, at any time. Others, said he, might be in trouble, and thus have no alternative. A third party protested that the human heart was deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, and while they never could have believed him capable of such oppression, they feared they had mistaken his nature. Still a fourth set came forward to cheer the despondent, declaring they would never believe him capable of wrong and injustice, (and it would be both to demand immediate payment of these notes, during a period of financial distress) until it could be made to appear that black was white and white black.

On the first day of the term, a day which finally came, great crowds assembled (as is usual in Virginia on assize days) at Huntersville. William Peyton was already in his lodgings, where his clients began to drop in. When all had arrived they were invited to a large room, in the centre of which stood a censer filled with burning coals. Shaking hands with his old friends and making a few inquiries after their families, he advanced to the head of the table, and, in a short address, informed them of his continued ill health and of his purpose to retire from the bar. He then took from a drawer a tin box containing their bonds. A shudder passed through the frame of many a poor fellow, as he recognised the fatal bills to which his hand and seal were affixed. My brother then remarked that the notes which he took from the box had been given for his professional services, while the truth was simply this, that he had rendered them little or no service what-

ever and that, therefore, he could not consent to receive a penny from any of them—that he had called them together that day to absolve them from their obligations—to wish them every kind of prosperity in life, and to bid them farewell. Nothing more.

A profound silence followed these words, his audience was momentarily stupified with astonishment. During this pause he proceeded to place upon the live coals their promissory notes, and the entire bundle was consumed before their wondering eyes. His grateful clients, having somewhat recovered their self possession, raised, amidst the smoke of the charred papers, shout after shout, cheer after cheer.

Next day they instructed a committee from their body, to wait upon and invite him to a public dinner and to say in substance,

“Not that we think us worthy such a guest,  
But that your worth will dignify our feast  
With those that come.”

When the committee arrived at his rooms, they found them empty and in disorder, a few stray bits of paper, the ends of strings and other evidences of hasty packing were scattered about the floor. Betimes that morning he had risen, and was now probably twenty miles distant on his return. He travelled by a road conducting to the Hot Springs, instead of proceeding immediately towards Staunton. This was a common thing with him. He often turned away from the beaten track, trebling his journey, in order to visit some region famed for its scenic beauty. On the present occasion,

following this custom, he took a route remarkable for its diversified and romantic landscapes. Brought up in a beautiful pastoral district, he early imbibed a love of nature which he viewed with a poetic eye. He early fed upon the open sky influences of the fields, the wide vallies, the rolling meadows, the lofty mountains : was nurtured upon sunshine and shadow, on hill and in vale, by mountain-stream, and in the leafy dell. He knew all the choicest haunts, the sweetest and most sublime scenes of nature, throughout a district unrivalled in Virginia for varied and picturesque beauty. The grandeur of the summer and autumn fogs rolling up the hills and mountains, of the roaring cataract plunging down into the valley below ; the ineffable sweetness of the evening glow enveloping the far spreading valley, amid which the peaceful flocks browsed in quiet joy ; the glory of sunrise,

“ When from the naked top  
Of some lofty peak he beheld the sun  
Rise up, and bathe the world in light.”

were all familiar to him from a boy. Thus was his mind fed upon nature in her choicest aspects, and his enthusiastic heart impelled towards art and its cultivation.

It is proper that it should be explained with reference to his observation to his clients, when burning their notes, “ that he had rendered them no service,” that no man deserved to stand higher for his moral qualities and his faithful discharge of duty. He was as much distinguished for the uprightness of his dealing